George W. Cable, author of "Gideon's

Actress Falsely Accused

Band"-Scribner's.

rash of chords. His eyes sprang open;

shadow of a woman. She stood there

with her back to the window, lithe and

tense; and suddenly she flung one arm

did gesture, of such free and desperate

passion, as he had never seen before.

Faust, a man's voice rising furiously with it, and it flashed over Herrick they might

From this auspicious beginning, Virginia Tracy develops in "Persons known" (The Century Company,

York) a tangled web of mystery, in which the chief characters are a remarkable young actress, a District Attorney, a bril-liant wealthy criminal lawyer, a baleful

but remarkably efficient secret organiza-tion and Herrick, a novelist in embryo. Every element of modern civilization is

rought into play, including the near con-

Miss Tracy has written a really thrill-ing detective tale, which, despite its

length, holds the interest to the very end. The style is vigorous, racy. The characters themselves are not remark-able for their semblance to resulty, but real folks don't do such things, as Hedda

Gabbler is supposed to have said. Anyway, the interest in this kind of a story is more in what happens than in the

SCRIBNER BOOKS

THIS WEEK

The Trawler

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY Winner of the \$2,500 prize awarded by 'Collier's" for the best short story.

"It is literature. In thought, in elevation of sentiment.

In the literature in the strength and finish of writing it is entitled to a place of permanence." Theodore Roosevelt.

"It seems to me to promise to be a definite and permanent contribution to English literature."—Mark Kullivas.

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The Basketry Book

By MARY MILES BLANCHARD

Illustrated, \$2.00 wet; postage extra.

The Poems of Edgar

Allan Poe

With an Introduction by E. C. STEDMAN and Notes by Professor G. E. WOOD-HERRY.
Nearly haif a century passed after the death of Poe before the appearance of the Stedman-Woodberry edition of his works, which embedies in its editorial departments critical scholarship of the highest class. In this volume of Poe "Poems" the introduction and the notes treat not only of the more significant aspects of Poe's genius as a post, but of his technical methods, and of scores of bibliographical and personal matters suggested by his verses, While the first of this volume is the same as that of the Etedman-Woodberry Edition, the book has been entirely reset in larger type.

With portrait, 12.00 met

With portrait, \$2.00 met

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

people the accidents befall.

iction of the heroine through a moving-icture film. The criminal lawyer loves

of Murder-in Novel

THRILLING ADVENTURES, HARASSED HEROINES AND DELICATE HUMOR IN NEW BOOKS

ABOLISHMENT OF PRISONS ADVOCATED BY HAWTHORNE

In New Book Author Makes Sensational Charges of Evils in Atlanta Prison. A Notable Book.

Not original, yet startling, in connection with the arguments and exhibits in the case, is the proposal which forms the refrain of Julian Hawthorne's book, "The Subterranean Brotherhood." (Mc-Bride, Nast & Co., New York), It is nothing less than that penal imprisonment for crime be abolished.

That the Federal prison at Atlanta was grossly mismanaged during his stay there; that the whole tendency was to break the prisoners down and destroy self-respect rather than reform them; that the dark hole persists despite denials, and that convicts are hung up by the hands for long periods for trivial breaches of rules; that inspectors sent to study conditions indulge in junket parties with the officials and learn nothing; that reforms ordered by Congress were never put into practice-these and other acusations, some even more astounding, are made by Hawthorne. He does not plead that prisons should be converted into gentlemen's clubs, but rather insists that they be abolished altogether. "The deepest and essential evil of prisons." he says, "is not hardship and torture, but imprisonment. If choice could be made between the two, every manly man would choose the former." inference is plain throughout these pages that the realization of having com-mitted crime is the real and adequate punishment. And this perforce causes one's mind to revert to Arthur Dim-mesdale, whose guilt, suffered in silence, weighed with much more killing force than did the sin of her who wore "The Scarlet Letter." How strange the which of events which places the son of the immortal Nathaniei Hawthorne in a position to demonstrate by his personal ex-periance the theory presented by the father in the chapters of a novel!

Tather in the chapters of a novel!

While it is unavoidable to read this latest prison book without thinking of Oscar Wilde, yet there is hardly any point of similarity between these snappy, newsy, practical descriptions and the peetle philosophy running through "De Profundis." Hawthorne, like Wilde, had made his mark in the field of poetry, the novel and the essay; but the particular equipment he brought to this task was the observation and analysis of the veteran newspaper reporter; he was not

the observation and analysis of the veteran newspaper reporter; he was not so much intent upon unburdening his soul as upon presenting facts.

To bookish people, one of the most interesting features of the volume will be the study of prison types. The conclusion arrived at by the author is that Hugo. Dickens and Charles Read were all wrong the property of the conclusions are the conclusions. Dickens and Charles Read were all wrong in taking certain types, like Jean Val Jean, and playing them up as exceptions to the unregeneracy of convicts in general. For the fact is, Hawthorne maintains, that convicts are normal human beings just like the rest of us, with the same love for their fellows, the same love for their fellows, the same sense of honor, the same charity and appreciation of kindly treatment, and the same—no more and no less—tendency to

Shall a Wife Go on Strike?

Such is the question raised by H. G. Wells in his novel, "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon (Macmillan's, New York), a fas-

cinatingly interesting work and far su-perior to "The Passionate Friends."

Lady Harmon was married to Sir Isaac
when she was but 27, and he was 20
years her senior. The husband, jealous,
suspicious, is immensely rich, having
made a fortune through the consolidamade a fortune through the consolida-tion of a chain of bread shops known as the "International Bread, Limited," Lady Harmon desires a week-end cot-tage, and in search of one meets Brum-ley, a writer of some note. Through her intercourse with a man mixing with the world, she begins to realize the limita-tions of her position and the narrowness of the life she is forced to lead. So she plans to gain her "personal autonomy," and finally revolts. Forcing her husband to start a chain of homes for the girls in his employ, she decides to make their management the work of her life. But even here she finds that her husband's keen commercial sense has debased these hostels until they are little better than boarding houses saddled with a string of irksome rules.

Suffrage appeals to Lady Harmon for a time, and in a burst of enthusiaam she breaks a window and finds herself in jail for a month. Through all of this she and Brumley are drawn closer to each other until at last Sir Isasc, becoming wildly jealous, packs his lady off to Spain. But this course does him little good, for just as he is about to disinherit her his death gives Lady Harmon a welcome release. Back to London she goes and devotes herealf to the serious management of herealf to the serious management of here herself to the serious management of her

herself to the serious management of her hostels.

Mr. Wells' portrait of Sir Isaac is one of his most successful character delineations and ranks with Ponderevo, the protagonist of his former novel, "Tono-Eungay," Indeed, while the two men are utterly dissimilar, they stand for much the same thing—predatory capital. Lady Flarmon stands out strongly as the modern woman, dissatisfied with what she has, and reaches out vaguely, instinctively, for what she knows not. The humor is keen. The novel is delightful, particularly those chapters which Mr. Wells has devoted to the study of the novelist, Brumley. There is little that is heroic about this figure, but much that is essentially human.

Submarines in Warfare

It is interesting to note that up to the present war the Confederate navy still held the record of having the only submarine that ever sunk a vessel in time uf war. William O. Stevens, author of "The Story of Our Navy" (Harpers) is authority for the statement that some of san at the Confederate naval officers looked agreeited at submarine warfare as "cowardly." adequately compense who volunteered to go a recovery by Gleurious little craft David and is not a legitimate, Housatonic were as brave a present military chargonsor Stavens, as will ever recently a conclude the David's propoler shaft state of Chininary atternate, and the captain, no just itself in fieard at the wheel, handled the European power, rolling a spar that projected done by an anglos nose of the boat and held a and that China I the end. It is interesting to note that up to the

Julian will take Books by Bennett on of Thing To Armild Bennett is working away set of Kino-To Armild Bennett is working away set of Kino-To armild Bennett is working away set of Kino-To armild be thinked—he appeared think when it really is finished—he appeared think with two amili but insperient of the law to the Kinh case in the Coat war, and The law to the Kinh case in the Coat war, and The law to the Kinh case in the Coat war, and The



Scene from "Person's Unknown," by Virginia Tracy-Century Company.

American Women

he mighty hunter: Rosalind, the sister.

"Merrie England" of 1760. Their clothing is such that the silk stockings of Edith

and Justine excite unbiased curiosity

Then, for some 200 pages and rather less

suasively. An excellent book for, let us say, the Philadelphia-New York trip.

Edison a Peaceful Inventor

Inventions," state, however, that he is joint inventor of the Edison-Sims torpedo,

could not be extinguished and which would make the enemy's ships visible for four or five miles. "In general," they say,

"Edison has never paid much attention to warfare, and has disdained to develop

inventions for the destruction of life and

Dr. Wiley's Food Tests

Scientific housekeepers have won a lasting friend in the person of Harvey Wiley, whose book, "1001 Tests" (Hearst's International Library Company, New York, has just been published. Doctor Wiley has made elaborate analyses of all kinds of foods, beverages and tollet accessories to prove their real composition and value. The results of these experiments

value. The results of these experiments are here published in book form. Every "modern" housekeeper will find this book a valuable addition to her library, and if she is wise she will buy no new brand without looking up its credentials in this reference book.

Saint Anthony! Saint Anthony!"
You good and wondrous saint,
Who wouldn't kiss a widow
And at a skirt would faint.
You're modernized in fiction
Of the "best seller" sort—
You did a lot of doings

You really hadn't ought,
You really hadn't ought,
You spent your life quite foolish,
Unlike your namesake good,
And where he wasn't tempted—
You wouldn't, for you're wood.
*"The Lay Anthony," by Joseph Hergeshei
Mitchell Kennerley, N. Y.

Author of "The Conqueror," etc.

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A crude American girl grown into a personage-

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Gertrude Atherton, author of "The Perch

Mrs. Parnell's

Intimate Revelations

Imprisoned on Island On a station platform, bleak, lonely, Given a young, healthy, adventurous, hidden away in a sium of London, a rich millionaire with a big steam yacht. Given as ship guests a charming and vi- pretty woman with a bonnet hiding her vacious sister, an equally charming cha- face paces slowly up and down. Time peron and an older man friend who has creeps shiveringly on from midnight till been getting surcease from a "touch of L. Then a cab hurls up to the platform, the heart" by shooting feroclous animals and out springs a starn-looking, bearded in the jungles of Africa. With these four man. He hurries up to her; they embrace, meeting in patrician Charleston a mys- then, chattering like children, seek an terious man with a French name and a all-night coffee-stall and drink penny cofcurious abnormality of eye that repels fee. The man gives her-looking cauthe men and charms the women, who tiously all about him-a hollow gold tells of a mysterious island in the Carib- bracelet containing two tissue paper docubean-a regular Flying Dutchman of an ments with secrets which would have island, surrounded by a thick fog, and caused his arrest. They part.

which has never been put on the map-Is the scene from a quick-fire novel of mystery and love? Not at all; it is we have an adventure material that makes have an adventure yarn that makes a literal transcript from real life, and the connoisseur smack his lips with an-ticipatory delight. John Reed Scott, in "The Duke of Oblivion" (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia), proves a fiction chef worthe quiet, stern man is Charles Stewart Parnell, the "uncrowned king of Ireland," slipping away from his titanic struggles thy of his opportunities. Brinsmade, the millionaire; Cardigan, in the House of Commons-where he bore and there, on the blind opposite, was the all of Ireland's grief on his shoulders-to meet Mrs. Katharine O'Shea, whom he

was later to marry.
And now, with the great leader dead on it, through a long, tortuous tunnel under cliffs against which the heaving billows of the Atlantic dash and thunder. and opponents to his cause even now up and out in such a strange and splenunwearled of spreading rumors about Parnell's romance, Mrs. O'Shea (later Waves always do that in this kind of a book. A peaceful wave would be as out Mrs. Parnell) has frankly told the whole story in "Charles Stewart Parnell" For a full minute she stood so, and then (Doran), a biography true to fact yet that gesture broke, as though she might of place as an ear of corn in a bouquet of orchids. The island is inhabited by the descendants of English refusees, who fied there before the Revolutionary War written like a novel, giving the inside not have covered her face. The music, only of the struggle for Home Rule, but of her relations with Parnell. It is a never ceased; it had risen again, ringstory of a wonderful love, revealed with and know nothing of the outside world. They have carried as best they can

simplicity and sincerity.

The fire, the wonder which this apparently cold political champion put into the one romance of his life would have glorified a new "Paolo and Francesco" or Immediately, behind the blind, the lights the one romance of his life would have glorified a new "Paolo and Francesco" or "Aucassin and Nicolette" or "Romeo and The Americans have an amiable lunch with the Duke, who quite abruptly becomes unamiable. /t this critical juncillet." To her he gave all his life; not day for years, but, if he was absent om her, he telegraphed her a good night. There is plenty of charming human nature in the account—as well as sigh-pitched passion and a rather sensaional unmasking of such heroes as Glad-

Prisoners are made and lost. Guns are fired, charges and counter-charges dash madly down a page, all the Ameri-cans are captured and shut up in a tower the eyes of every Irishman, and accustomed to ovations wherever he went in Ireland, any servillty or excessive zeal on a cliff, from which they escape by on the part of admirers always dis-

riage and clothing, if her bills are paid promptly and without question, but is given no money of her own with which to do as she pleases, has she a right to go on strike?

Such is the question raised by H. G.

Walls in his povel. "The Wife of Sir Isaac Way is tressed him. I hen they swim for home and safety, taking the two beautiful but scantily attired daughters of the Duke of Oblivion with them. Of course, and covers a period treased him. "We had a new Irish cook from the actress, as does Herrick, and deliberately seeks to involve her. Finally, said to resemble "Milestones," for the Duke of Oblivion with them. Of course, and covers a period treased him.

"We had a new Irish cook from the actress, as does Herrick, and deliberately seeks to involve her. Finally, said to resemble "Milestones," for the Duke of Oblivion with the actress, as does Herrick, and deliberately seeks to involve her. Finally, said to resemble "Milestones," for the Duke of Oblivion with the actress, as does Herrick, and deliberately seeks to involve her. Finally, said to resemble "Milestones," for the Duke of Oblivion with them of course, and covers a period the actress, as does Herrick, and deliberately seeks to involve her. Finally, said to resemble "Milestones," for the Duke of Oblivion with the actress, as does Herrick, and deliberately seeks to involve her. Finally, said to resemble "Milestones," for the court of the apparent of the apparent of the actress had.

Miss Tracy has written a really thirlibrately actress and covers a period to some 15 years. Only so far can it be entered with the actress, as does Herrick, and deliberately seeks to involve her. Finally, said to resemble "Milestones," for the actress, as does Herrick, and deliberately seeks to involve her. Finally, said to resemble "Milestones," for the actress, as does Herrick, and deliberately seeks to involve her. Finally, said to resemble "Milestones," for the actress, as does Herrick, and deliberately seeks to involve her. Finally, said to resemble "Milestones," for the girl the right man. This book is unique— there's a girl left over. Mr. Scott writes smoothly and perto ask Mr. Parnell to see her for a mo-ment, as she was too excited to settle to her cooking. Directly she got into the room, Ellen fell down on her knees and klased his hands, much to his horror. He told me with some reproach that he had expected to be quite free from this sort of thing in my house."

Like most men with claims for great-

Thomas Edison stated recently that ness. Parnell had his peculiarities as "making things which kill men is against my fibre." Frank L. Dyer and Thomas C. Martin, authors of "Edison: His Life and well. One of them was a distressing lapse of memory on occasions, which often caused him to be late to—indeed, netimes to miss-meetings where he had promised to speak.

Aged Lady Desires to

and that during the Spanish-American War the inventor suggested to the Navy Department the adoption of a certain compound which, placed in a shell and fired from a gun, would explode as soon as it struck water, producing a blaze that Descend Niagara in Barrel "By the Bend of the River" (Philadel-phia, John C. Winston) may not be Charles Heber Clark's most important work, but it is one of the most delightful that has come from his pen in recent years. It is not a novel, but rather a collection of short stories written in odd hours during a vacation spent in the Connock. One of the most amusing tales recounts the adventures of "Grandma Pevey," whose fancy was to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Her compro-mise on the mill run is perhaps less thrilling, though vastly more amusing.

that delightful book pub-lished several years ago, "A Japanese Artist in London." Yoshio Markino, the authorartist, has continued his charming autobiography in RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF AJAPANESE ARTIST. Beautifully illustrated by the author. Price \$2.00.

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Charles Heber Clark-Winston.

pranks of Harlequin and the pirouettes

of Columbine, James M. Barrie's con-

fidences in regard to their home life in

Hours" (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.),

In "Harlequin," the first play, we are

given a charming picture of Columbine

in the midst of her family, of her elope-

ment and her final return. Particularly

that take the place of more weighty stage

her many lovers. Gradually recognition

Gawns upon him, then disillusionment. But at last Rosalind feels again the call

the clamor of her beloved public. Once

adds a new note in Mr. Barrie's already wide range. Possessing the same whimsi-

a haunting sadness, a regret for the days that can never come again. While in

reality no longer than the other play

that make up this volume, it is divided into three short acts, and covers a packed

for the forbearance that makes life pos-

divergent currents of modern life, Taker as a different viewpoint of the same ques-tion that is placed before us in the "Twelve-Pound Look," it has a polg-

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footlights and bears from afar

elightful are the little essays in italica

a New Delight

Barrie's Confidences

will afford keen delight.

Dr. Van Dyke's

"The Lost Boy," in Henry van Dyke's book of that name (Harper & Bro., New revolves about the famous incident rebiblical version accepted by church peoand hardly that-upon which to hang a tale infused but very little with what tale infused but very little with what might be called a divine atmosphere. Strange if is to read of Jesus being made the butt of boys' jokes, being stoned so that the blood ran from his cheek, and then talking in a fatherly way to a sinful woman to whose bagnio he had gone in innocence. Even in the temple—before Mary and Joseph come and find him—the character in the book does not him—the character in the book does not show the wisdom which the faithful peruser of the Word would expect. So artistically does the author handle the delicate situations that hardly anyone will charge him with irreverence; and yet there will be many church peo-ple, no doubt, who will refuse to accept his effort on the ground that it is a ncedlers, and none too respectful, elabor-ation of an account which required no padding.

Discovering Your Wife

Eldridge Walcott, after 15 years of mar-ied life, fell in love with his wife, whom he discovered surreptitiously visiting a cabaret place. Added to the stunning blow of his first discovery was the fact that she was richly gowned. He knew that out of his ample income he had never allowed her sufficient to indulge in such luxuries.

For one year exactly, Walcott sat in an alcove just across the aisle from the private niche his wife always occupied.

private niche his wife always occupied.
And then they met.

Jeanette Lee, in "The Woman in the
Alcove" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New
York), has a new remedy for the divorce
evil. Eldridge Walcott learned that
remedy—but he regretted not having
learned it earlier. his new volume of one-act plays, "Half

Mirandy Tells Why Men Don't Marry

IVICH LJOH I IVIAITY

It wouldn't be safe for a man who appreciates true humor to read "Mirandy,"
by Dorothy Dix (Hearst's International Library Co., N. Y.), in a crowded street car. First thing, he would chuckle, then he'd laugh. Then he'd probably show it to the conductor, and he'd show it to the motorman, and there would be much fun, but no transit thenceforth. The book is a gem. The high spots of its humor are so frequent, so exasperatingly and unreadirections. Through all there is a thread of pathos that seems half tender, half bitter. The "Twelve-Pound Look" needs no comment, for it is already familiar to the public through the clever interpretation of Ethel Barrymore. In it we "Herrick was awakened by a demoniac find the story of a woman who revoted from the limitations of a home where she was but the mere plaything of an perhaps, but treated with fust that touch of the original that never falls to raise Barrie above the commonplace. In "Ros-

a gem. The high spots of its humor are so frequent, so exasperatingly and unreasonably funny, that even among books of character monologues it is rare.

"Yessum," says Mirandy, "hit's a great thing to be a woman, Hit's bout de best excuse, goin' an' comin', dat anybody has ever invented yet." And she knows about herself and her kind, because she says that a vacation, "even when de wife takes hit, does de husband good." She discusses other people's children and why men don't marry in her trenchant, pungent fashion. Matrimony, a favorite topic with Miss Dix, is one of Mirandy's best. She discusses different alind" we find a chapter from the life of an actress who, tired by the constant drain upon her youth, has decided to court middle age. We see her in retreat in a cottage in the country, posing to her landlady as her own daughter. Then enters a man who has known her in town and has been the most favored of Miss Dix, is one of Mirandy's best. She discusses different types of husbands: "An' a man what can't manage one po"

little measly woman dat he's married to, an' who is dat henpecked dat he always says 'our pants' when he talks about his says 'our pants' when he talks about his britches, ain't so all-fired sho' dat he could run de country better dan dem what is doin' hit, so he jest sort of lets de President rock along de best he can widout his advice. Yassum, all de reformers dat ever I seed was ole maids or ole bachelors, but I dont took notice dat de most rambustlous reformers after dey tackles matermony simmers down mightly an' ain't nigh so certain dat dey knows hit all." more she becomes the girl that has en-slaved London, and her admirer's faith is restored. She and her young sul or leave hand in hand for the train that in this play, too, the stage directions add a piquant pleasure.
"The Will," which closes the volume, cal humor as all of his work, we here find

Prof. Perry on

Literary Criticism

Daring Venture To the current number of that excellent perodical, the Yale Review, a member of York), is the Boy Jesus, and the story the Harvard faculty, Prof. Bliss Perry, of the English department, contributes an terred to briefly in the Scriptures. The article that deserves wide reading. Newspaper editors should read it. Publishers ple as inspired is used merely as a peg should read it. All lovers of literature should take it to heart.

Professor Perry laments the absence of real literary criticism in this country. It is something of a phenomenon that we have never enjoyed much of this rare commodity. Emerson complained of the name lack in his day. In our own time a very few journals very occasionally publish serious reviews of books and of publish serious reviews of books and of literary artists, by the very few persons among us who venture into the field of criticism. As for the newspapers, says Professor Perry, they perform in the must perfunctory manner, where they perform at all, one of their really important duties. There is entirely lacking that combined corrective and atimulant which our literature should be drawing which our literature should be drawing from thoughtful criticism. Well, the newspapers have some excuss

for their apparent slackness in this respect. One of the prominent papers of the East reviewed, as best it could, no less than 3500 books last year. Mr. Brett, the president of the Macmillan Company, recently computed that rome 13,000 books of all descriptions had been published in of all descriptions had been published in one year; and they, by the way, repre-sented but 2 per sent, of the total number of manuscripts submitted to the pub-lishers! One reason why the newspapers discharge this function no better than they do is that the job is so big. Never-theless, Professor Perry's injunctions will bear attention. The newspapers in these days are undertaking larger responsibili-ties than ever. This is one of them that must be better handled.

'Village Life in New York'

So long as there is no law compelling people to read the essays of Simeor Strunsky it is likely that there will be Strunsky it is likely that there will be a great many people who will not read them. More's the pity. There may be people to whom "that sort of humor does not appeal." That, too, is too bad. Because Mr. Strunsky, unlike a great many of our professional humorists, knows wit from humor, and prefers the latter. That's why there is a comfortable human away about his books, especially this aura about his books, especially this last one, "Belshazzar Court" (Henry Holt & Co.), which deals with "village life in New York city," and is concerned with a great many of the author's affairs, chief among them being Emmeline, his wife, and Harold, his boy. The book begins with that great modern miracle, the apartment house, treats of the ball game and the night life of the city, and is concerned throughout with, seriously w, the greatest miracle of all—the soul

Tale of Vigorous Manhood Happily chosen indeed is the title of Mr. Ridgwell Cullom's latest story of West-ern ranch and mine life, "The Way of the Strong" (Jacobs), for it deals with the struggle for mastery-vigorous manhood that comes of long associations with the life of the open, combatted with the cruel elemental forces of nature that confront one in the frozen wilderness of the Yuko country.
In Alexander Hendric the author has

esented a magnificent character, and the realistic narrative of his early struggle against almost superhuman difficulties, his powerful love romance and the eventual triumphant success of his ambitions, imthroughout. As an interpreter of life in that rugged elemental country, with its now picturesque environs, Mr. Cullem is without

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN'S GREATEST NOVEL

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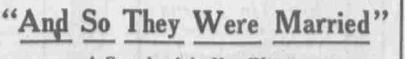
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THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD: as which he seems definitely to have achieved."

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS